



IgE: Yeah you know me

*"If you're allergic to cats, stay way from me—
and maybe I'll rub against your legs anyway."*

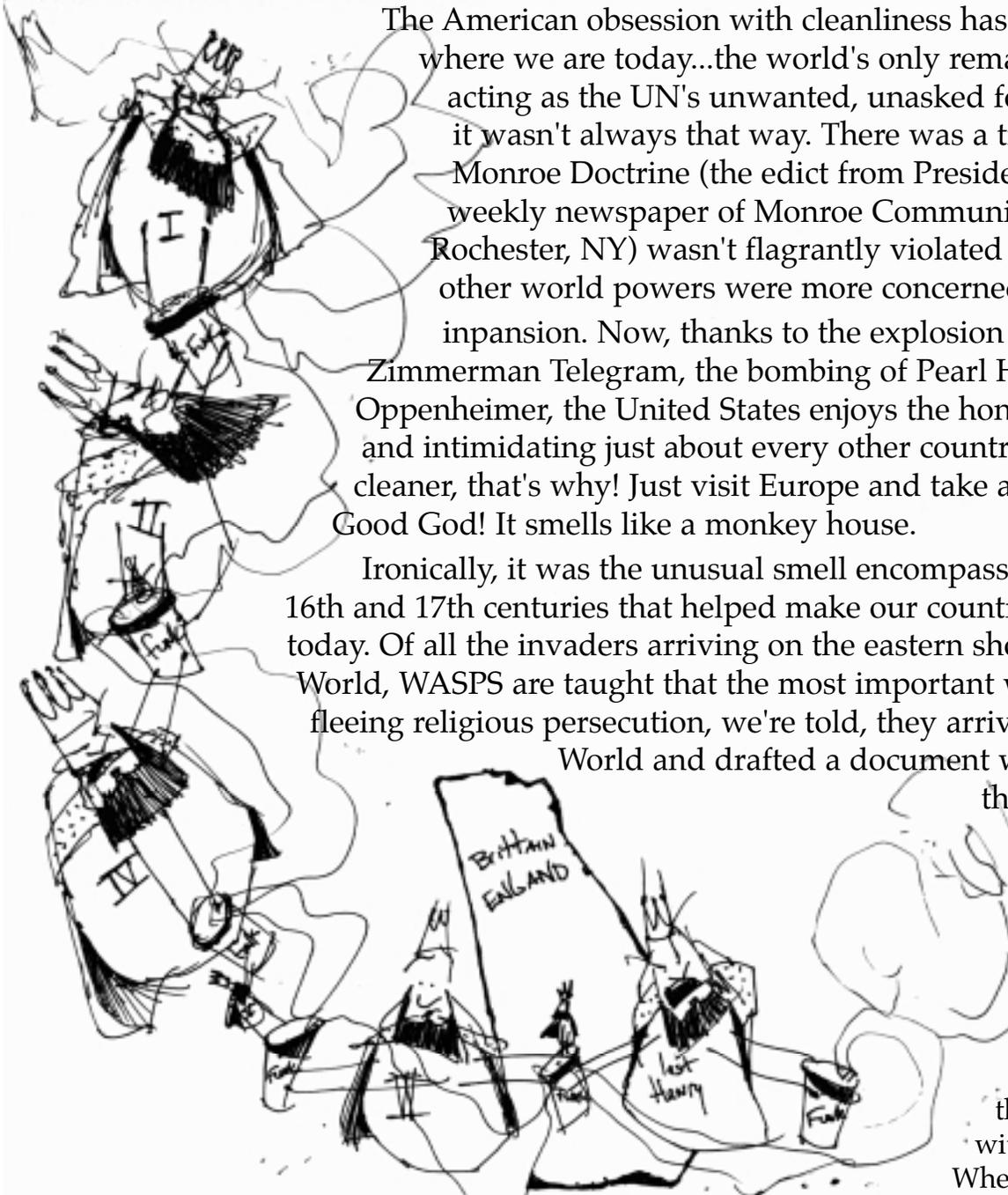
Cleanliness is next to godliness and since god is American, it only makes sense that Americans should be clean. To facilitate that end, Christian corporations[†] such as Proctor and Gamble, Johnson and Johnson, and Dow Chemical (in co-operation with and the fine makers of Norplant) have been producing what America wants, nay what America needs and what America has to have: soap. Antibacterial, moisturizing, deodorant, and glycerine soaps that come in a myriad of shapes, sizes, colours and flavours.

The American obsession with cleanliness has brought us to where we are today...the world's only remaining Superpower acting as the UN's unwanted, unasked for police force. But it wasn't always that way. There was a time when the Monroe Doctrine (the edict from President Monroe, not the weekly newspaper of Monroe Community College in Rochester, NY) wasn't flagrantly violated simply because other world powers were more concerned with their own inpansion. Now, thanks to the explosion of the Maine,[∂] the Zimmerman Telegram, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and Robert Oppenheimer, the United States enjoys the honor of threatening and intimidating just about every other country. Why? We're cleaner, that's why! Just visit Europe and take a deep breath. Good God! It smells like a monkey house.

Ironically, it was the unusual smell encompassing Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries that helped make our country is what it is today. Of all the invaders arriving on the eastern shore of the New World, WASPS are taught that the most important were the Pilgrims; fleeing religious persecution, we're told, they arrived in the New World and drafted a document with lofty ideals that would later

[†] Since God is American, and any American who is worth mentioning is Christian, God is Christian. QED.

[∂] 1898: "Remember the Maine! To hell with Spain." 1998: Where's Maine?





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influence the United States' present Constitution.

That's what we're told. The truth is more embarrassing than that.

Religious persecution was such a trendy concept in the 1500's that people just assumed that the Puritans were on the receiving end of the rather big sticks used at the time. Instead, these intrepid souls whose progeny would later make cleaning products that are 99 and $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure were attempting to escape something more insidious and crippling to the spirit than religious intolerance: the funk of the land.

Beginning in the 1000's, King Henry I the Fouler was such a ripe bastard that few could draw close enough to contest his rule. Upon his death and subsequent superfunkification, it was prophecised that the true King of England would reek to high heaven, thus identifying the proper heir. Over the next several hundred years the royal funk grew in power and intensity, eventually ruling the land while the various Kings were little more than figure-heads. By the time of King Henry the VIII, the Royal Funk ruled in his place while Henry was allowed to wallow away his days eating 20 pheasants in one sitting and changing his wives more often than his britches.

You don't threaten your source of power. Not if you want the Funk to support you.

Rebelling against the all pervasive smell that permeated hill and dale—and would sometimes knock on the peasant's doors and demand lodging for the night—the Puritans fled to the only place they could think of that was free: the New World. There, separated from the Funk by an ocean, they could begin their lives again.

But after living like Germans for three months on the open sea, the people were ashamed and bewildered to discover that they too had created a funk all their own. Not only was it readily detectable to their desensitized noses, it was trimming the sail and mopping the deck by the third week out. Determined to leave the legacies[¥] of Jolly old England behind, the first thing they did upon landing at Plymouth rock was to draft the Mayflower Compact. But the second thing they did was to beat the living bejesus out of the funk

[¥]The funk and “The Big Book of British Teeth”, only rivaled in the states by “Come Meet the Family: a guide to rural Appilachia.”

by slamming it against the now famous Plymouth Rock.^Δ

After a good long bath the traumatized, but sweet smelling, settlers looked at the vast virgin landscape and felt something stir deep within them. For as far as the eye could see, the land was covered by ancient forests where strange and unknown animals ran. The air was clear and the water was pure.

John Carver, one of the first signers of the Mayflower Compact and particularly respected for his eloquent and subtle aromas, made an historic speech that forever set the course of our country:

“This place is a mess! We need to cut down these massive trees and make particle board! We need to invent asphalt and cover all the areas we would ever even think of walking on! And these people who have been crapping this place up all this time... we've been scouring a few of them with sand and they're still dirty. We need to exile them to places we'd never go!”



Although quite excitable, John Carver's words were heeded none the less.

What came next was described by Darwin as the survival of the cleanest. No one would court, or even bundle, with someone with poor personal hygiene (just like today. Sorry Seattle), and so their offspring would be cleaner and more finicky.[†] After generations of breeding out the dreaded, evil funk, the “Americans,” as they so liked to call themselves (second only to “Masters of Time, the Universe and Deodorants”), developed weakened immune systems and a nagging irritation to histamine, which the body creates when it comes in contact with almost anything.

In those pure, clean years, allergies were born.

Now, ours is an age where an American with a tapeworm is a pariah with a friend and allergies cripple people on a daily basis. Ironically, all these people who can't go a day without runny noses and puffy eyes could really do themselves a favor by occupying their immune system

^Δ Early on there was a tradition where people would kiss Plymouth Rock to receive good luck. The bludgeoned funk so covered the stone, however, that most would pass out before actually planting a kiss. Tired of losing teeth and unwilling to give up the tradition, the right-thinking Puritans uprooted the stone, drug it 70km north, and scuttled it in Boston Harbor.

[†] Over the centuries two distinct subspecies of Americans arose. The Red Blooded Americans (*Homo sapien americanum ineptus*) normally can tell stories of how one of their ancestors arrived at Ellis Island, sailed past Alcatraz, or snuck across the Rio Grande while the Blue Blooded Americans (*Homo sapien americanum caeruleus*), think that everyone's parents drive Opals, can include the name J.P Morgan in their strange, circular, family trees, and don't pay attention to stock notices that arrive in the mail. There is some contention between ethnographers and biologists as to whether the two subspecies actually represent distinctly new species. Though they fail to interbreed in the wild due to differences in mating rituals, their similarities indicate intraspecies variation, though the two groups could diverge at some point in the future.

with a mild parasite.[∂]

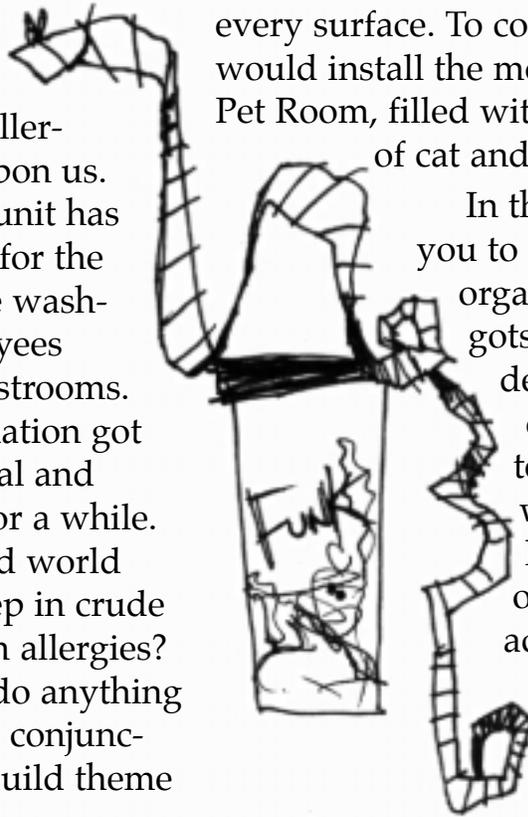
Still, were stuck with our Puritanistic heritage like an historic case of the clap. It continues to permeate our culture, from congressional calls for family values to our obsessive need for cleanliness. So many things these days are labeled with cleanly looking "hypo-allergenic" labels for all those lazy blokes out there unwilling to live through a little mild discomfort that I'm waiting for the discrete signs on Sour Patch Kids saying they had ben ultra-pasteurized. Well I say to hell with it. Bring on the allergens! Oh, wait. Not the cats. I'm allergic to cats, but bring on everything else. Oh wait! Not goldenrod. I just can't deal with goldenrod pollen. NOW bring on the allergens. Give me something that will make my face swell like a puffer fish and stuffed with as much of the same toxic goodness.

I say that the age of hyper-allergenic products should now be upon us. The disintegration of the family unit has already happened; now it's time for the downfall of cleanliness. No more washing behind ears. No more employees washing hands before leaving restrooms. Enterics unite! It's time we as a nation got down off of our sanitized pedestal and mucked about in our own filth for a while. Why should poor Indians of third world nations have all the fun knee deep in crude oil, contracting deadly-petroleum allergies? We're the United States. We can do anything better. The good old U.S. of A, in conjunction with Disney Corp., should build theme

parks for all those cute little tykes who want to scour the insides of Texaco's petroleum pits. Complete with animatronic dolls singing, "It's an OPEC World After All," Epcot could finally show us the future, coated in lead based, white paint, made in the US, sold abroad, and bought at a discount from China.

Disney's Oil World could feature the Lover's Pipeline, Consumer Waste Village, and special off limit areas for adults. Like the rooms of Chuck E. Cheese barred to the adult public, the Flake Room would be nothing more exotic than a warehouse filled with the remnants of human skin, being heartily consumed and excreted by the resident dust mites. In these rooms the little 'uns could roll about on the soft, hazy, misty stuff that seems to fill the room, and cling to every surface. To compete, Warner Brothers would install the more generic, but effective Pet Room, filled with a lower grade quality of cat and dog dander.

In the meantime, we urge you to embrace the trend of organic remedies. Use maggots to remove unwanted, dead flesh, get workmen's compensation by protecting your pet hookworm, and fill your toilet with candiru. If any of you are tired of runny, achy eyes...swallow a tape worm. You'll feel better in the morning, we promise.



[∂] Think of allergic reactions as the response of a bored immune system. Since humans evolved in an environment with parasites, distinct antibodies were created to fight them off. In our cleanly society, chances of having a parasitic infection are slim, but those antibodies are still kicking around with nothing to do. So, like bored children, the antibodies not doing anything eventually gang up on things like, oh, cat dander. So in this case, idle antibodies are the devil's plaything.



Editor's Note: Hell's Kitchen & USA Today

By Sean Hammond

Back in late January when Hell's Kitchen joined Uwire, we didn't expect too much. Everyday Uwire sorts through the hundreds of articles it receives and sends out the top 15 news and opinion/editorial pieces to its members. One of Uwire's partners, USA Today, then posts those articles to its web site. Since the content of the various parts of Hell's Kitchen are more creative than newsworthy, we knew that eventually we would be the misfits of Uwire. Our content simply doesn't fit into what they are looking for.

But this past week Don Rider's piece "Donland Sues Microsoft" was chosen by Uwire as one of the best 15 opinion/editorial articles, and was subsequently reproduced by USA Today on its web site.

That's right! Hell's Kitchen managed to get something into a respected, national media provider.

Kick ass!

If you'd like to see for yourself, feel free to visit

WWW.USATODAY.COM/UWIRE/CO020907.HTM

Now, on with the show.

The Buzz from **DONLAND** donland.base.org

By Don Rider

DONLAND DEVELOPER BEHIND GATES PIE GAG

As tension escalates over the Microsoft-Donland lawsuit, a software developer in Donland has claimed responsibility for the recent whipped cream pie attack on Microsoft's CEO Bill Gates in Brussels this past week. The clandestine developer claims he hired professional Belgian pie-thrower Noel Godin to throw several pies in the face of Gates during the return trip from Switzerland. "I wish I could have been there to see the look on his face when those pies

hit him," the developer said in a phone interview, following up with a squeal of laughter and a snort.

The Donland government denies any involvement in the matter. Microsoft had no comment, but did note that Gates usually prefers Key Lime.



<http://gallery.uunet.be/Wouter.Goderis/>

GDT Countdown

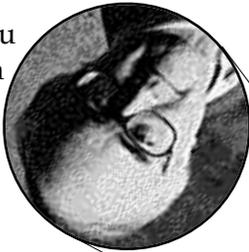
3 issues left to our 100th issue!



History for Dyalexica

by Sean Hammond

Brought to you
by our man in
the...ah, air,
James
Burke™ †

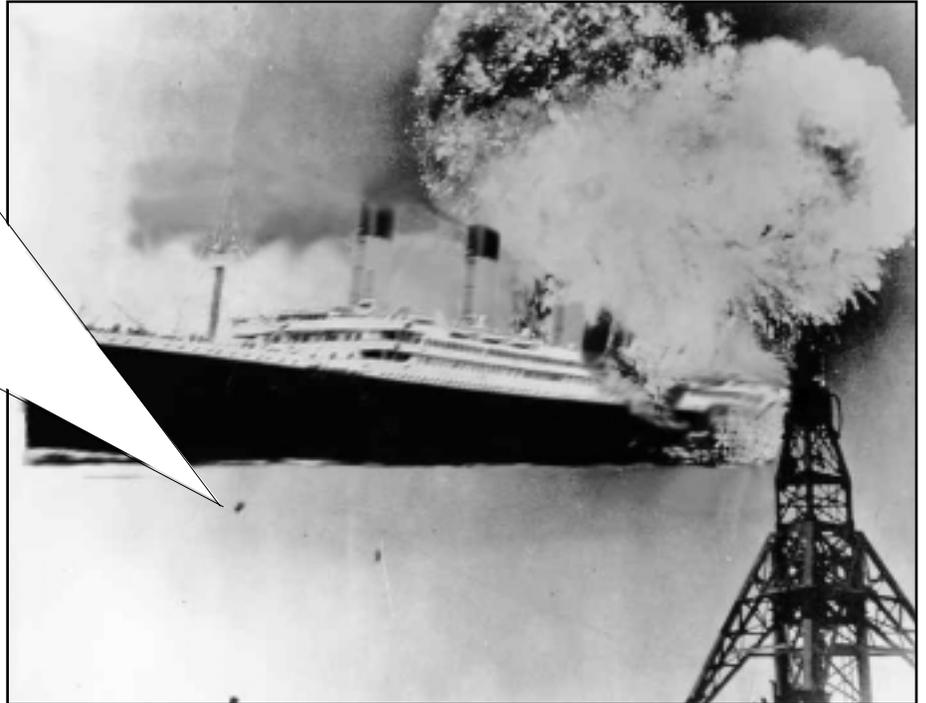


The ship is sailing majestically towards us like some kind of big, waterproof boat. Riding as though it was mighty...mighty proud of the place it was playing in the worlds aviation.

The ship is no doubt bustling with activity. As we can see, orders are shouted to the crew. The passengers are probably lining the portholes looking down at the field ahead of them, getting their first glimpse of the mooring mast.

It's practically standing still now. They've dropped anchors out of the nose of the ship, and, uh, it's been taken hold of down on the field by a number of men. It's starting to rain again. The rain had, uh, slacked up a little bit....

The back motors of the ship are just holding it, uh, just enough to keep it from — it's burst into flame! Get this shot! Get this shot! It's



fire, and it's crashing! It's crashing terrible! Oh my—get out of the way, please! It's burning, bursting into flames, and and it's falling on the mooring mast. And all the folks—this is terrible! This is one of the worst catastrophes in the world. Oh, flames going, oh, four- to five-hundred feet in the sky!

And it's a terrific crash, ladies and gentlemen! The smoke and the flames now, and the frame is crashing down into the ground, not quite to the mooring mast. Oh, the humanity....

† James Burke™ is copyright © 1965-1998 BBC-TV and the Discovery Channel.

Bear Bones

by David Berenson, *the Dartmouth*, Dartmouth College



Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

This week: "The Boxer"

I have not seen "The Boxer." I don't intend to see it. Daniel Day Lewis in a role where he struggles for his humanity, hope, life, etc????? Naaaahh. Daniel Day Lewis would never make a film like that, now would he? I hate movies!! They suck! Hollywood sucks! I suck for reviewing movies! You suck for reading my reviews! Don't you have a free will of your own? Can't you make the decision to watch the film yourself, without the prodding of pompous, inane critics like myself? Guess not.

I'm sorry. Everything I have said above is a result of my lack of heroin. Hold on while I tie off. My roommates cooking some good black tar right now....gotta spike up.....just waiting for the needle to register.....aahhhhhhhhhhh.

I love movies. I know I'll love the Boxer, and I know you'll love it too. Life is good. Just gonna crank up the Velvet Underground and void for a while.

But seriously folks, I picked "The Boxer" this week because its a useful segue to a feature I want to have from time to time in TMR. I call it "Tourist's Sunday Night Fights", and the way it works is simple. I know you've all played the versus game in one form or another, and I invite you to play along with me. I'll begin this week, and I'll do all the work(pretend like we're in bed, you'll love it). I shall present fights that I would like to see sometime in the near future.

So you're in the civic center, surrounded by bookies, groupies, rednecks, violence junkies, and members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The sodium arc lamps above you illuminate the big ring, the main

event, the land of the muscle showdown. Leaning back in your duct taped folding chair, you see the contenders take the corners. The midget from Twin Peaks emerges from the crowd, produces a wireless microphone, and in his signature backwards-speak addresses the crowd -

"Lehts geet redy to roooooooooock..."

The crowd roars as the contest begins. Headlining this evening's fight we have the following:

FIGHT 1: Issac Hays & Issac Hanson vs Jim Henson and Chris Issak.

FIGHT 2:

Encyclopedia Britannica Boy (remember him?) vs Jim Cooke (the Sam Adams guy).

FIGHT 3:

An Olympic Games Commentator vs An Oldies station DJ.

(The opponents sit at a table in the middle of the ring, boom mic headsets on, connected to loudspeakers. Shovels and cans of mace are distributed to the audience and the winner is the one who is beaten senseless FIRST)

FIGHT 4:

Morrisey with a razorblade vs Robert Smith with a shotgun.

(Attacking your opponent is optional in this fight)

FIGHT 5:

Paula Cole and Kareem Abdul Jabbar vs Paula Abdul and Nat King Cole.

FIGHT 6:

The fans at an Indigo Girls concert vs The fans at an Ani DiFranco concert.

FIGHT 7:

Jim Morrison with his peyote bag and Mister Rogers with his colostomy bag vs Van Morrison with his enema bag and Susan Sontag with her douche bag.

WHO WILL WIN??? NOBODY KNOWS!!! HAVE A SAFE EVENING AND PLEASE REFRAIN FROM THROWING THE FOLDING CHAIRS!

And here's where I need your help. Sure, I could come up with this shit all day long (this used to be a game to preserve sanity in extremely boring scenarios), but that's no fun. We live in the "interactive" age, with strange things like "E-Mail." Use it for Christ's sake! I want you to get really loaded on your free-radical of choice and

Warm Thoughts By Gad Berger

Back in my homeland of Venezuela, hiding under loose rocks and dirt sediment in the Amazon river, there lives a tiny little creature called the candiru fish. This fish is actually a parasitic catfish and it probably isn't much of your concern to learn anything about this cute little fish, but it may come in handy someday.

Normally this fish follows streams of warm water that flow from the gills of other, larger fish. When it finds a fish, it swims up into its gills and attaches itself with spines that protrude from its own gills. This causes the fish to bleed, and in turn gives the candiru a continuous, nutritious blood stream.

Now, remember the good old days when you would visit your friend Tommy and you'd both play around in his little plastic kiddie pool? Do you remember the time when you were just sitting there, Tommy started smiling at you, and the water felt a little bit warmer? Well, in this type of situation, the candiru definitely would come looking for you. You may think to yourself, now how's a catfish going to attach itself to me? Here's where it gets fun.

Stretching a total of about 40 - 60 millimeters long, and having a width of about 2.5 - 6 millimeters, the candiru can fit through the one opening that's most unpleasant. That's right boys and girls, your urethral opening. As you pee, the candiru starts to follow the pleasantly warm stream up to its source and begins chomping

mail me with the fights you'd like to see. I'll add the best ones to the next "Tourist's Sunday Night Fights". Come on, it'll be swell.

Send them to TOURIST@CSH.RIT.EDU and I'll take care of the rest. Thanks ahead of time, and dare to keep kids off black tar heroin!

OOPS!
IN LAST WEEK'S GDT (VOLUME 9, ISSUE 7) THE TEXT TO THE RIGHT OF JACK "SCARY MOTHERFUCKER" NICHOLSON" WAS OBSCURED. WE'RE NOT SURE HOW IT HAPPENED, SINCE WE PROOF READ THE ISSUE PRIOR TO GOING TO PRINT, BUT WE APOLOGIZE.

through the first opening it finds with its upper front teeth. Once it crawls its way up to its desired living ground, it ejects its spines and latches on to your honker with a power grip that that far surpasses the one that Suzy Mitchell gave you in 9th grade. Now for women, like I said, choose an opening.

The thought of just having a fish hanging around your tweeter isn't pretty, but how about removal of the fish? Of course you can't just rip the fish out, or burn it out, you have to have surgery. If you're rolling around in pain somewhere in the Amazon river, chances are that surgery might mean amputation. Basically, blockage of the urethral canal can be fatal.

The only other two methods of removal that I know of are the Xaquá plant, and the buitach apple. I don't know much about these two, but I do know that they kill and actually dissolve the fish.

So, now that you know about the candiru, you might want to go to the Amazon river and try to catch a few. You could post a "Beware of Candiru" sign, rather than the lame "Please leave the 'P' out of our 'ool'" one in front of your pool. At least you know you'll be laughing when Tommy starts jumping around, screaming and holding himself like he really has to pee.

The Enunciator

"The News and Views They Can't Make Fit"

By James D'Angelo

Is Marijuana NORML?

THIS YEAR THE ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY HAS SEEN AN INCREDIBLE SPATE OF CLUBS AND STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS FORM AND ORGANIZE, BUT NONE HAVE GENERATED MORE CONTROVERSY—OR PRODUCED MORE FLYERS—THAN THE ROCHESTER CANNIBAS COALITION. THE GROUP HAS A SIMPLE GOAL: TO END CRIMINAL SANCTIONS AGAINST MARIJUANA USERS AND PRODUCERS. I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY, AFTER MANY DELAYS AND RESCHEDULINGS, TO SIT DOWN AND TALK TO THE GROUP'S PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER SHEA GUNTHER. THE RESULTS FOLLOW.

The Enunciator: Let's start with the basic question, why?

Shea Gunther: Why marijuana should be legal?

TE: Why did you decide to get into this? Why and when did you get this idea into your head?

SG: Basically, it was last year. I started looking at the issue, checking out sources, facts on the internet, some books, and I found that everything I'd been taught about marijuana and drugs in particular has been a lie.

TE: You don't have to answer this, but did you use marijuana in high school?

SG: I tried it a couple of times, never really used it a lot.

TE: One person, so what. What gave you the idea to take this to the rest of the RIT

population?

SG: I guess it was because I see a problem, a big problem, and I just want to do my part in trying to solve that problem. I figured the best way to do that was to get people organized and work towards the same I want to.

TE: One of the things that, in my opinion, attracted attention to your group, was when you counter attacked an anti-marijuana display in the SAU[Student Alumni Union].

SG: That display pretty much used all the hype; "marijuana causes brain damage", "marijuana makes you lazy", "marijuana causes lung damage", and so on and so forth. And we confronted them—the SAISD[a substance group concentrating on the deaf population at RIT]—with the facts, and we were told that they respected us for our opinion, but that the display was staying up. So we did posterage just letting people know that what was in the display was not right.

TE: I heard on the news, and you told me later, that you actually had problems getting you club organized.

SG: We didn't have problems getting organized. The school attempted to deny us recognition before we even applied for recognition, and we let them know that we weren't gonna let them shut us down like that.

TE: Were you thinking of having to bring in the ACLU or someone like that?

SG: We had the backing of the ACLU and the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws(NORML), as well as some other private lawyers backing us up. I mean we had a rock-solid case, the school



was right in backing down so quickly.

TE: The other question I have is that do you fear that with marijuana legalization that you may see a domino effect?

SG: I would actually hope so. The way we deal with drugs now is counter-productive, and doesn't accomplish anything. We criminalize a large portion of our population because they chose to use a recreational drug besides that which the government says you should use: alcohol and tobacco. The whole drug situation has been hyped up. Drugs are not a major problem in the United States, drug prohibition is, and drugs are just an excuse that politicians use to blame anything bad on.

TE: Would you not say though, that legalizing marijuana and other drugs would in a sense be a concession to the drug kingpins?

SG: NO! The drug kingpins don't want drugs legalized at all, they'd lose all their profits. You legalize drugs, you end all the criminal syndicates involved in drugs. The big drug people, they don't want it legalized, that's the worst thing that could happen to their business. Italy has actually legalized drugs in an effort to battle the mafia because they were making a lot of money off drugs.

TE: OK, you always mention that the media has a war on drugs, but I've noticed that in the past 5-6 years that many branches of the media, specifically the music industry, have embraced the idea[of legalization]. Do you see maybe a double standard there?

SG: No, I don't think that at all. The media as a whole has been the lapdog of the drug warriors. They report things unchecked, they don't get alternate sources, they don't check the other viewpoint. As far as the

music industry... I don't think it's been an industry-wide thing. Some bands have expressed their support for drugs like marijuana.

TE: I know of two, Cypress Hill, which was a "rap" group and the other is the Dave Matthews Band.

SG: Dave Matthews is very informed on the issue; he's been big into the hemp issue, industrial hemp, and just because someone has waken up to the fact that marijuana isn't such a bad thing, I don't think it is a conspiracy.

TE: I didn't mean to imply it was a conspiracy.

SG: Well it's definitely not an industry wide thing.

TE: This is a personal question. What is the difference between hemp and cannabis? Actually that's probably a question that a lot of people want to know.

SG: Well hemp is cannabis. Cannabis comes in many different forms, as far as plant wise. The plant people use to grow marijuana as a drug has a high content of THC and other cannabinoids. Industrial hemp actually cannot be used as a drug, it's just the plant form without cannabinoids, or very low concentrations. And it's an incredible thing, it can be used to make over 30,000 products. . .

TE: The main thing I see it used for is clothing, and I'm assuming that. . .

SG: Nope. Paper, it's going to replace tree paper. It's going to replace fossil fuels, it's going to replace plastics. You can use it as biomass to convert it into a fuel.

TE: You mentioned cannabinoids. Are those the chemicals that make marijuana a drug as opposed to a plant?

SG: The cannabinoids. THC, CBD, CBN, I'm not exactly how many there are, but

they're what causes the...

TE: High...

SG: Yeah.

TE: I'm just curious.

(Writer's note: According to Mr. Gunther the brain has receptors that respond to cannibis. This is why it is non-addictive and non-fatal)

TE: When you say legalization, do you mean total legalization? Unrestricted?

SG: There should be no criminal sanctions against adults purchasing marijuana. We should deal with underage marijuana use the same way we deal with underage drinking.

TE: In your opinion, what should the legal age be for marijuana use.

SG: 18.

TE: Same as cigarettes?

SG: Yeah.

TE: I know there's a tax on tobacco, and on alcoholic beverages. Do you think there should be some sort of marijuana tax?

SG: Marijuana's a different thing to try to tax than alcohol or tobacco, just the fact that it's easy to produce it. What I think will happen is that commercial hemp products will be taxed, but citizens will be free to grow and use it at a local level as well. Sorta like vegetable gardens.

TE: I've also heard that marijuana has medicinal properties?

SG: Yeah. Marijuana is an incredible medicine. It's been used as a medicine by mankind for thousands of years. Right now it can be used to fight AIDS Wasting Syndrome, which is a condition caused by AIDS and the drugs used to fight AIDS. It causes people to lose all appetite and they actually waste away.

TE: Ugh!

SG: Marijuana is actually an appetite

increaser, and it allows AIDS patients to...

TE: Eat.

SG: Yes. It's a great anti-nausea medicine. People who have chemotherapy, go through some AIDS treatments, can use marijuana to fight nausea. Marijuana can also be used to fight glaucoma, it has been used to reduce the size of tumors. It can be used as a muscle relaxant for for people who have diseases like MS. It's used in some countries for childbirth pains, headaches, migraines.

TE: Interesting. So when does the group meet.

SG: Fridays, 4:20PM in the Ritz[basement of RIT's Student Alumni Union] we meet at 4:30 now.

TE: Thank you for your time.

The Religious Wrong:

Out of Context and into your Life

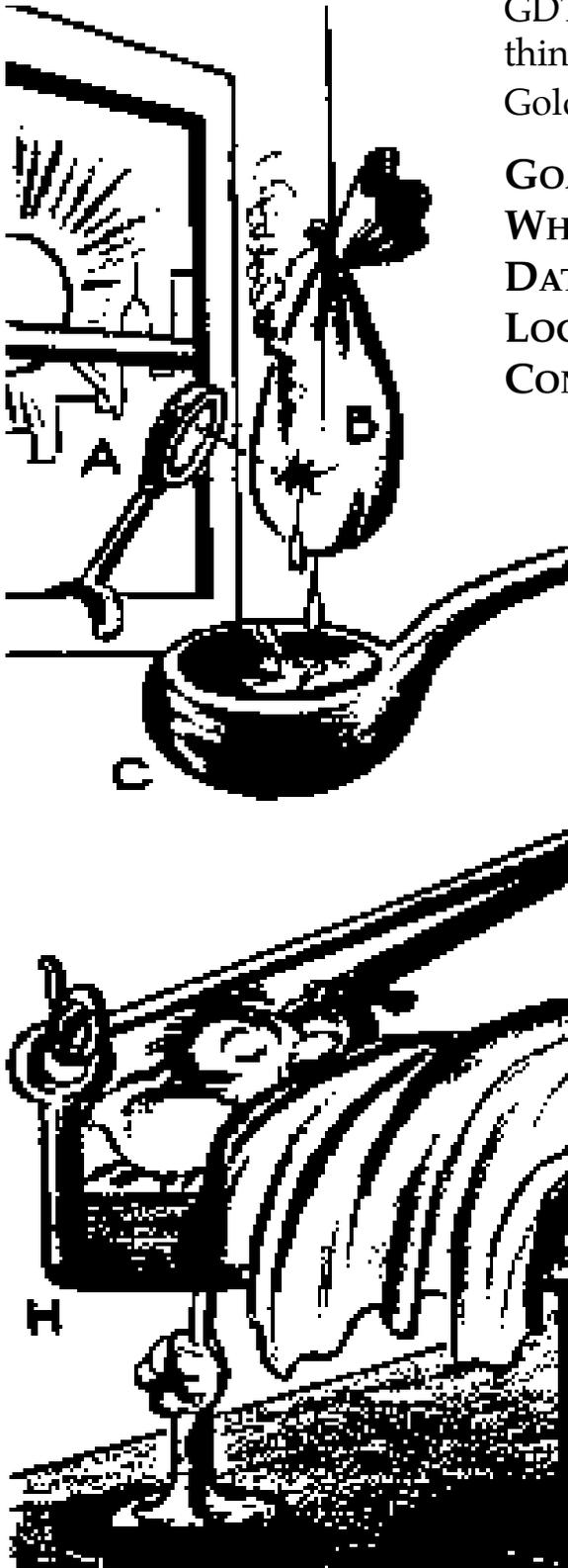
The ACLU, NOW, People for the American Way, Americans United for Separation of Church and State, the Gau-Lesbian Caucus, the National Education Association, the Communist Party U.S.A., the National Council of Churches, and all of their left-wing allies have lost. The strategy against the American radical left should be the same as General Douglas MacArthur employed against the Japanese in the Pacific... bypass their strongholds, then surround them, isolate them, bombard them, then blast the individuals out of their power bunkers with hand-to-hand combat. The battle for Iwo Jima was not pleasant, but our troops won it. The battle to regain the soul of America won't be pleasant either, but we will win it!

—Pat Robertson, Pat Robertson's Perspectives, April/May 1992

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +



GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

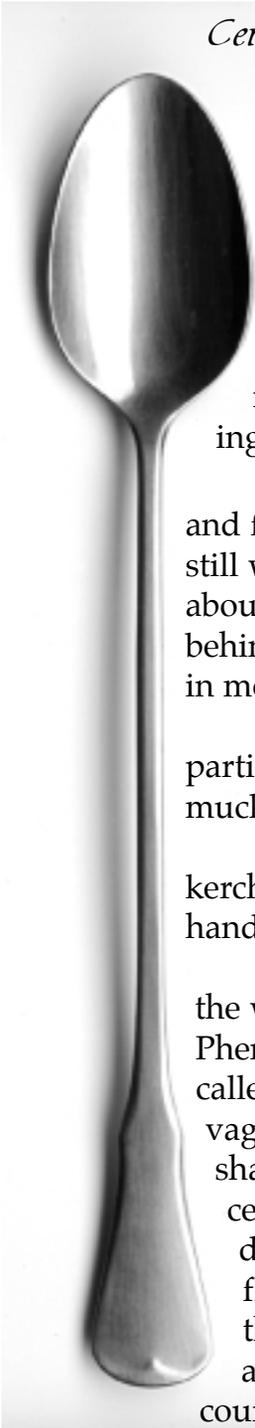
CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

Flatland Phenomenon

By Edward Heffernan



Jed really did not want to be out in this swamp in the middle of the night looking for a flying saucer. The moon overhead bled out only a nail clipping's worth of light, and Jed cursed himself for the dozenth time for not bringing a flashlight bigger than the one on his little keychain. Around him, the night air of the swamp was thick and cloying. His feet repeatedly stepped into things squishy and unidentifiable, while his ears were filled with the chirping of crickets and the occasional nocturnal bird.

In front of him, stumbling along with as much grace as he was, was the source and focus of his misery, a rather short and chubby man bearing the name Virgil. Jed still was not sure how Virgil had maneuvered him into coming out here. Something about the way his face puffed up, and how his eyes went slightly out of focus behind his inch thick glasses when he grew excited about something. Jed had given in more out of exasperation than any real interest in what they were seeking.

"Let me get this straight again," Jed said, as they wormed their way through a particularly thick thatch of palmetto bushes. "We are walking up to our ankles in muck, out in the middle of nowhere, to see a flying saucer leave a crop circle?"

Virgil paused a moment, and mopped his face with a somewhat soiled handkerchief. "No, I told you in the car, we are here to see a flatland phenomenon" The handkerchief had left a smudge on Virgil's face.

Virgil turned and resumed his trekking, and Jed sighed and followed him. On the way over, Virgil had been babbling about what he called 'The Flatland Phenomenon.' Apparently in the previous century, a writer had created a story called *Flatland*. From what Jed could make from Virgil's long winded and somewhat vague description, the story was about a bunch of two dimensional geometric shapes that lived in a flat world. Being two dimensional, the shapes had no concept of up or down, only the ability to move left and right and so on. Well, one day a sphere decided to pass through flatland. Now, to the horrified citizens of flatland whom had no concept of third dimensional space, it seemed to them that a single tiny dot had appeared out of nowhere, and began to grow bigger and bigger, and then smaller and smaller, until it finally vanished all together. Of course this was simply the circumference of the sphere passing through the flat world, but to the squares and ovals and triangles living in flatland, it was an inexplicable mystery.

Ahead of Jed, Virgil made a grunt of surprise.

"Did you see that? Was that a rat? That was the biggest fucking rat I've ever seen. Shine your light over there, tell me how big that rat is." Drool came out of Virgil mouth when he got excited, and Jed waved his light around the swamp more out of a defense to escape a fine spray of spittle than to search for a rat. But luck was with him, and his light caught the reflection of a possum giving them a baleful look. It soon scurried back into the trees.

"It was just a possum." Jed explained.

Virgil shot one more suspicious look after the little quasi-mammal, and then continued trudging on. Jed soon became bored with the monotonous of the dark swamp, and spoke to Virgil

some more.

"OK, yeah, you told me about flatland, but what does that have to do with flying saucers?"

"I never said anything about flying saucers," Virgil said over his shoulder. "I said crop circles. You're the one who linked together crop circles and flying saucers."

"My mistake," Jed muttered.

Suddenly they broke out of the thin expanse of trees into a wide open clearing. The starlight from above provided a little more light, and Jed was able to clearly see the wide bed of peat moss spread out before them. In the summer months it

would be thick with water and uncrossable without an airboat. But the cool winter days had dried it out, leaving a wide circle of dry moss, springy underfoot. Virgil seemed satisfied, and sat down. From a fanny pack he pulled out a bottle of water, and took a long pull. Jed looked on enviously, but when Virgil pulled the bottle from his mouth, and a thin umbilical cord of drool linked the bottle and his mouth, all thoughts of asking for a sip evaporated from Jed's mind.

"Crop circles," Jed muttered. "With no crops in sight."

Virgil heard him and spoke up. "Well, of course not. We are not here to see a crop circle, but to see what makes them. Crop circles are evidence of flatland phenomena. I think they happen fairly often, but only when they leave some evidence of their passing to people realize that they had been there."

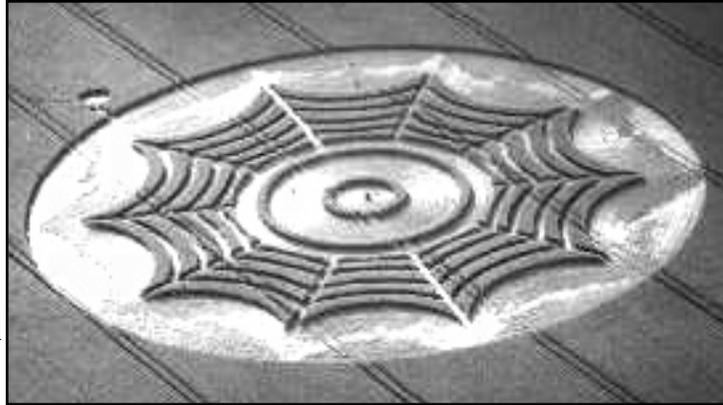
"But crop circles are fake," Jed protested. "I saw it on the discovery channel. Some old guy made them with a board and a piece of rope. People have been copying him ever since."

"Or maybe," Virgil said in bright tones

"That old man copied the real thing"

Jed shook his head and flicked away a mole cricket that had been climbing on his shoe. "Well, just explain again how these crop circles fit in with you 'flatland phenomena'."

Virgil turned and spoke to Jed in tones usually reserved for the mentally retarded. "OK, I told you before, but I'll make it a little simpler. Remember in flatland, the sphere



passed through their world, and they simply did not know what to make of it. Well, I think that is what is happening here. Crop circles are evidence of something passing through our planet, perhaps even our universe.

Those strange geometric designs left on the ground are only a shadow of something that exists with more dimensions to it than we can comprehend. In fact, I even tried to model it on a computer, expanding the image left in crop circles to a form we would be able to comprehend."

This actually caught Jed's attention. "Yeah? What did it look like?" Virgil's face clouded up. "I couldn't get the program to run" he muttered.

Jed suppressed a snicker. "Alright, so if these crop circles happen fairly often, why don't they happen more often?" he pressed.

"Oh, I don't know. You need people to be able to see something. My theory is that electrical current may disrupt a crop circle from forming. With a power lines running under foot and overhead nearly every place there are people, its not surprising they don't form."

"Ah" Jed said. "And how do you know one is going to form out here?" Virgil's face took on the inner glow of pure narcissism. "Calculations" he said simply.

Jed decided not to press the subject, and sat in silence. About forty five minutes passed slowly, and Jed was starting to get pissed. He

had flicked off about a half a dozen bugs, and was afraid he might have missed one or two. He was about to tell Virgil he was leaving, When the squat man took in a sudden hiss of breath.

“Look” Virgil whispered in hushed tones.

Jed looked out across the open expanse of peat moss and saw nothing. But then he followed Virgil's pointed finger up, and felt his heart skip a beat. Because the stars were moving. He gazed at them in wonder, for they seemed to weave back and forth into one particular spot in the sky, like some strange cosmic ballet. After a moment he realized that the stars themselves were not moving, but their light was being reflected and distorted through something. Something coming down from the sky.

A breeze began to briskly move through the swamp, and Jed felt the hair on his arms stand on end. He still could not make out what he was looking at. He could only make out its shape through the distorted stars, and the way those kept shifting and swarming led him to believe that perhaps the object was constantly changing shape. Next to him Virgil began to babble.

“See it? See it? Didn't I tell you! Fuck! I did not bring a camera. It doesn't matter, people would just think it was doctored anyway. Look at that thing! What do you think it is? Its coming down.” Virgil's Eyes grew wide. “I'm going to go see it up close.”

Jed was about to protest, to say that maybe that was not such a good idea, but before he could start, Virgil sprinted off to the center of the clearing, his footsteps noiseless on the springy peatmoss, his arms waving wildly to the (Jed hated the cliché) unidentifiable object coming down from the sky. What

happened Next, Jed saw very clearly. The odd phenomenon drifted down and enveloped Virgil. For a single clear moment, Virgil was seen distorted, arms stretched in odd directions, legs stretched longer than was naturally possible. Then Jed covered his mouth in horror as Virgil began to sink into the ground. The last expression on Virgil's face was one of surprise, and then he was gone.

Jed stood there, unmoving, for perhaps ten minutes. His brain tried to grasp what he had seen, but failed. He wondered if anyone would come looking for Virgil, and what he would tell them if he was asked. He didn't think too long.

“Swamp gas” he muttered, then headed back to his car.



Students on the Move

By A.S. Zaidi

From October 31 to November 2, 1997, hundreds of students from around the nation gathered for the Democracy Teach-in Organizing Conference at the University of Chicago. Cosponsored by the Center for Campus Organizing (CCO), the Alliance for Democracy and the United States Student Association, the conference was held in preparation for the March 1-7, 1998 university teach-ins and the May 1, 1998 Day of Action to End Corporate Dominance.

Activists attended workshops such as "How to Investigate Your University," "Student Activist Radio," and "Using Campus and Community Media" in order to learn the nuts and bolts of campus organizing. In a plenary session, there was a roll call of universities, at which students described their campaigns. These included recycling, democratizing trustee boards, and research into military and corporate contracts with universities. University of Florida students have established a "War Department" to deal with their current crisis. At one point, a large contingent strode on to the stage, taking up its entire length. "At the University of Wisconsin we eat corporations for breakfast," said a young woman as she introduced her fellow activists.

Judging from the sit-ins and building takeovers, the upsurge in graduate student organizing, and the spate of publications on the academic labor crisis, it appears that our campuses are no longer the "hotbeds of social rest" that Abby Hoffman once decried. Its about time. Tenure and affirmative action are under fire, public education is being privatized, and higher education in general is increasingly subject to the exigencies of the military. Tuition at public colleges soared 256% from 1980 to 1995, while prices rose just 85%, thus jeopardizing access for the poor. Karen Arenson points out in the January 27, 1997 *New York Times*, that "affluent students were nearly four times as likely as the poorest to graduate

from college by age 24 in 1979, but nearly ten times as likely in 1994."

Corporate control has emerged as a defining issue of our times. Corporate ownership of our media, resources, and politicians has made it difficult to address concerns such as global warming, pollution, and human rights. In his address to conference participants, Richard Grossman noted that corporations have the laws and the violence of the state at their disposal. Activists who attempt to halt the destruction of the remnants of the redwood forests are often clubbed, pepper-sprayed and arrested for their efforts. Grossman predicts that this situation will continue until we reform laws that allow corporations to pollute, exploit, and do what they are constituted to do, i.e. maximize profits.

The first Democracy Teach-in organizing conference in August 96, which drew 55 activists, led to teach-ins at 45 campuses in October 96. This years organizing conference drew 250 activists and over 100 campuses are expected to participate in the March 98 teach-ins. The CCO has helped build momentum, creating e-mail discussion lists and an invaluable bimonthly, *Infusion*, which is available for \$25 (\$15 for students) from CCO, Box 748, Cambridge, MA 02142.

In so far as it claims to nurture the life of the mind and spirit, the university is surely an appropriate place to challenge corporate power. The contradictions between the ideals and realities of our society are most apparent there. In order to succeed, activists will need to foster a sense of empathy and shared struggle in places that, until now, have been characterized in large measure by competition and isolation.

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